



# **Oh Those Summer Nights**

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**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Breathplay, Choking, Demon/Human Relationships, F/M, Scary Clowns, Semi-Public Sex, Stranger Sex, Vaginal Fingering, coulrophilia, sexual curiosity

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Pennywise (IT)

**Relationships:** Pennywise (IT)/Reader, Pennywise/You

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-09-18

**Updated:** 2017-09-18

**Packaged:** 2020-01-20 16:04:06

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,312

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

On your first date with a boy you'd just met, he takes you to the carnival. You're kind of having a good time, but you've had more exciting first dates.

As you walk the fairgrounds, you see a striking clown lurking by one of the tents. He's probably the most impressive one you've ever seen. You already have a thing for clowns, but this one.... He's something else.

While your date's riding the tower drop, you sneak off to find the clown.

Little do you know he doesn't even work at the carnival. He's an ancient evil, only there to lure children to their deaths. A sexually curious ancient evil....

# Oh Those Summer Nights

## Author's Note:

This is just a quick, naughty little fic, I wrote just for fun, based off a naughty confession I submitted to a confessions blog. Pennywise is just really curious in this. Also very quiet.

Confession: I wanna sit on Pennywise's lap, and have him wrap one of those huge ass hands around my neck while he uses the other hand and those crazy long fingers to finger fuck me into oblivion.

The cool Maine summer breeze blows your hair into your face, making you squint your eyes and swipe it back behind your shoulders with your pinky - careful not to get the sticky cotton candy in your hand all over it.

You're on a first date with a cute boy you'd met at the market this morning, walking arm in arm through the fairgrounds of Derry's yearly carnival.

It's a typical summer night in Maine. Slightly warm with a nice cool breeze - the sound of crickets chirping, ringing in your ears, below the starry night sky.

Things are going fairly well so far. He's nice enough and pretty cute. He talks an awful lot about video games though. You've been tuning him out for at least five minutes now, just looking around at all the people in the crowd, stuffing your face with cotton candy.

You rip another piece off into your hand and lay it on your tongue, feeling the airy sugar melt into your tastebuds. The best part of every fair.

Your date's still rambling on about his highest score, and you smile and nod politely, licking the sticky remnants off your fingers.

As you're walking past the carnival games, to the ride area, a tall

clown lurking by one of the tents, catches your eye.

Your eyes go right to him. He's a little hard to miss. He must be at least six foot four. He's very thin and lurching, but the most striking thing about him, is his costume. He doesn't look like your basic run of the mill circus clown.

This clown's so well put together, besides his red messy hair. It looks like the wind got the best of him. His makeup on the other hand, is flawless and perfect. He has his nose painted on instead of one of those round fake looking foam noses. It's kinda cute. Makes him look like a puppy.

His outfit is vintage. It looks like something out of the nineteen twenties. He sticks out like a sore thumb among the other clowns with their big fake wigs and bright rainbow suits.

You can't take your eyes off him. It looks like the feeling is mutual. He's staring at you, creepily - a slight smirk in the corner of his mouth.

You've always had a little thing for clowns, although you're not sure why. Maybe it's the naughtiness of it. Not knowing their identity. The fact that they're supposed to be this wholesome figure - made to entertain children and families. They're associated with good, clean fun. It makes you wanna have some not so clean fun.

You bite your lip as you and your date finally approach the tent he's standing by - you quickly look over your shoulder giving him a last glance after you pass him by. He waves cheerfully at you, smiling, revealing these two cute buck teeth.

You approach a big line of people waiting to get on the drop tower ride - the roar of loud screams filling the air.

"Whatta ya say?" Your date asks, pushing his glasses up his nose.  
"Wanna get on?"

"Oh no." You chuckle nervously. "Not this one."

"Really? Why not? It's the best one."

"You know that pit you get in your stomach when you ride a rollercoaster?"

The boy nods his head yes.

"I hate it." You say, shaking your head. "I always bend over, clenching my stomach when the car goes down the hill, so I don't have to feel it. I can't do that on this one because of the chest harness."

"Ah. I see." He nods.

"But don't let that ruin your fun." You playfully push his shoulder. "Go ahead. I don't mind waiting."

"Really? You sure?"

"Yeah. Go for it. I'll go catch a sideshow and meet back up with you in twenty." You find yourself stepping backwards, already trying to walk away.

"Ok. Be careful!" He shouts out at you as you start to walk back the way you came, looking for the clown.

You walk back past the games, looking around for the mysterious, staring clown, you saw just moments ago.

There's no sign of him, but you spot the tent he was standing by and quickly run toward it, throwing what's left of your cotton candy in a garbage can nearby.

You pull the curtain back and slowly step into the empty tent - nothing but white Christmas lights strung up above your head, and empty, dusty crates everywhere.

An uneasy feeling comes over you, realizing how creepy this place is, complete with old style circus music playing over the speakers. It's like something out of a horror movie.

You're just about to turn back when you hear a gravelly voice from behind you. "Hiya."

You turn around quickly, seeing the tall clown standing over you,

giving you a friendly wave - a goofy smile on his painted face.

"Um..hi." You swallow thickly. "I, uh.. I'm Y/N. What's your name?"

"Hiya, Y/N. I'm Pennywise. The dancing clown." He giggles, rocking side to side, giddily.

Oh this, guy's good. Not breaking character for a second.

"Pennywise? That's certainly original."

The clown shrugs with a smile.

"You don't look like your average carnival clown. I don't think I've ever seen one go all out like this before." You reach down into your purse, pulling out your phone. "Would you mind if I got a picture with you?" You smile nervously.

The clown nods silently, still giving that creepy smile. He walks over to a rocking chair in the corner of the tent and sits down, patting his lap.

'It's probably because he's so tall.' You tell yourself, as you nervously walk over to him.

You sit down on his knees, facing away from him and put your phone on camera mode.

You throw an arm around the clown and hold your phone up as high as you can, giving your best cheesy grin before clicking the flash.

You look down at the picture on your phone, noticing that the clown's eyes are staring straight down your cleavage.

You'd worn your white sun dress with the lace and the flowing skirt. It's pretty low cut and you kind of forgot just how much, till you saw yourself in the picture, practically falling out of your dress.

"Pennywise?" You give a shocked giggle. "You naughty clown, you."

The clown wiggles his eyebrows suggestively.

You bite your lip nervously, pushing your hair back behind your shoulders. "You can touch em if you want." You have no idea why you're feeling so reckless and brave.

The clown cocks a brow and wastes no time bringing those huge gloved hands up to your breasts. He lays his warm palms at the bottom of them, lifting them slightly upward, starting slow, gently moving his hand open and closed, making you lean back in his lap. That tingle as your nipples harden through your bra makes you gasp softly.

A warmth starts tingling in between your legs. Your clit swells with arousal, making a wet spot form in the front of your panties.

Pennywise stops suddenly. He squints his eyes, moving his hands down to your hips.

"What is it?" You swallow thickly.

The clown's nostrils flare as he starts to sniff the air like a bloodhound on a hunt.

He licks his lips before a smirk starts to form in the corner of his red mouth.

He leans in closer, pressing the side of his face to yours. "I can smell the dampness of your cunt." He whispers, low and gravelly, making your breath hitch in your throat.

That's the dirtiest thing anyone's ever said to you. You don't even know how to respond.

You shift in his lap so you're now facing him - the back of your thighs on top of his, spreading your legs far apart. A silent invitation.

You watch his big gloved hand slip down and disappear in between your legs - his fingers starting to rub slowly over the front of your panties. You throw your arms tightly around his neck, lying your head on his shoulder and clenching your eyes shut.

He smells good. Like popcorn and something sweet that you can't quite put your finger on. His clown suit is really soft and silky against

your face. Not scratchy and cheap feeling like those shitty ones from the Halloween store.

Being so close to him, you can hear this little growl like rattle in his throat. An obvious sound of contentment. A coo if you will. It's oddly arousing.

The clown tugs at the side of your panties, pulling them over and out of his way -his gloved thumb rubbing circles over your throbbing clit, eliciting a whimper right into his ear.

Those long fingers move down further, slipping down the swollen lips and settling at your slit. You feel the soft cloth of his glove rubbing circles around it, eliciting an erotic flicking noise from the excessive wetness gathered there.

You press your lips together tightly and curl your fingers into his shoulders, trying to choke back your moans. You are in a public place after all. The sound of families laughing as they walk by, the tent, quickly reminds you of that.

Oh but the thought of all those people just right outside, makes it even more exciting. You're so turned on right now, you feel like you're crawling out of your skin.

You reach down into the clown's lap, cupping the bulge in his pants. Pennywise grabs your wrist with his free hand and shakes his head.

"Ah ah ah." He wags his finger. "I just wanna touch you."

It's a little bit strange and as much as you want to return the favor, him making this just all about you is incredibly hot. Nobody's ever done that for you.

You nod and move your hand back up to his shoulder, holding onto him tightly.

Pennywise stops circling your entrance and pushes his long finger up inside you - all the way till his knuckles are pressing tightly against you.

He slides his finger back down, almost completely out of you, before



pushing it right back in and, all the way back up to the hilt. You press your lips together tightly, stifling a moan.

The clown adds a second finger, picking up speed and thrusting them in, harder and faster, slipping and sliding into your wetness, causing your body to shake and bob up and down in his lap.

You dig your fingers into his shoulders, and start to thrust your hips forward, grinding on top of his legs - his fingers slipping smoothly in and out of you, coated in your juices and the sound of your wet pussy squishing delightfully, grows louder as he really starts to get into it.

His free hand comes up to your throat, wrapping around it, quick and predatory like a snake- the long gloved fingers curling tightly around your neck. He squeezes just tight enough to restrict your airflow.

As a reflex you reach up with one hand and grab onto his forearm, as if you could pry his hand off if you tried. You struggle beneath his hand, your face reddening and your chest heaving.

All you can do is writhe on top of his rocking legs, trying not panic and just enjoy the ride.

You soon come to love the warm cloth of that glove, pressing into your neck. It makes you feel helpless and used, like a toy.

You watch the clown closely, as his fingers curl inside you, sending tingles through your wet canal, up to your clit.

He's watching you too. Studying your every move. He looks mesmerized - his big blue eyes wide with fascination. He's squinting - his mouth slightly agape, as his pointy tongue runs over those two front buck teeth.

You start to get a little dizzy - your vision getting dark around the edges. Your head is rocking back and forth like a bobble head as you bounce in his lap.

You feel your pleasure build - coiling in your stomach, knowing it will overwhelm you soon.

With a few more thrusts of that wicked hand, your pussy starts to

clench almost possessively around the long gloved fingers impaled deep inside your gushing, pulsating pussy.

A giant flood of sensation rolls over you - an enveloping warmth that melts you.

If it weren't for the clown's hand around your throat, people would hear your cries from the parking lot.

Pennywise lets go of your neck and you immediately gasp and crash your forehead into his shoulder, trying to catch your breath.

You swallow thickly and sit back up straight, quickly pushing your hair away from your sweaty, sticky forehead.

Pennywise retracts his fingers with a squelch - his eyes wide with curiosity. He blinks in amazement as if he's never seen a woman orgasm before. Certainly he has. Maybe it's just been a while.

You choose not to say anything. You just reach down and readjust your panties.

"Y/N?" You hear your date call out from right outside the tent.

"Oh shit." That's my date. You quickly get up from his lap - your legs noticeably wobbly making you almost fall over.

"I'm sorry Pennywise. I have to run. Maybe I'll see you around?" You smile hopefully, pulling the straps to your dress back up your shoulders.

The clown just nods - a devious grin spreading across his full lips.

You smile and return a quick nod before stumbling out of the tent, almost falling into the dirt.

You can see your date in the distance, looking all around in every direction for you. You feel so naughty running back to him after your little tryst with a complete stranger, whose real name you don't even know.

Despite your feelings of guilt, you just can't wipe that glowing grin

off your flushed face.